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Title: \*a formal note\*

Author: Atheri Ser'Ath  
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\*\*\*\*\*  
\*Labeled simply\*  
Dearest Bailos  
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I applaud you who have  
found me. If you are  
reading this, it's most  
likely over my dead  
corpse. No worries, no  
hard feelings. To say I  
am old would be an  
understatement and I am  
long last due for a rest.  
I bare no grudge, no  
hard feelings. You've  
bested me. No doubt by  
sheer numbers.

I possess something the  
others do not, whimsy!  
But, to save the space,  
I'll get to why you've  
known doubt come.

In my life, I was a  
cultist of Mephael. We  
made our home deep in  
the ruins of his barrow.  
I studied much during my  
time there before my  
soul was ripped from my  
body. The Underking  
blessed me, though, no  
doubt, and as I hope I  
have proven to you with  
my glowing corpse, His  
Blessing was powerful.

As in keeping with the  
tradition, I am supposed  
to reveal my secrets to  
the one who killed me.  
However, I have no doubt  
that you cheated and

brought friends, or that I  
won't be needing this note  
and I would have had it  
burning in the fire while I  
sipped a glass of your  
blood. But no, I won't  
reveal my secrets.

I know the ways of the  
world and my eyes and  
ears are many. I knew  
of your coming for  
several weeks now.  
However, I know who can  
help you.

All will be revealed to  
you after you slay my  
rival. Viktor Flamburgh.  
He was a dear friend in  
life, but a condescending  
and cold tyrant in his  
undeath.

Viktor, is much more  
straight laced than  
myself. He will tell you  
everything you need to  
know. What's that?  
You don't know where he  
is? Haha...I can't help  
you there.  
The leads will come, young  
ones, the leads will come.  
Have faith and...'keep  
looking up'. As a long  
dead, but once wise  
scholar told me. When  
pressed between a rock  
and a hardplace, wherever  
there's a will, there is a  
way.

My final hint to you:  
Where the light shines  
brightest is often cast  
the darkest shadows.